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Memorial to World War II
dead from Montgomery Co.,IA

Iowa "M"

Memorial

to

World War II Dead

from

Montgomery County

Iowa

17 June 1945

44879

Express Print, Red Oak, Iowa
1945

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This record is printed and distributed as a permanent memorial to the Honored dead herein mentioned

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Organizations Participating

American Legion
Veterans of Foreign Wars
The Ministerial Association
Veterans of Foreign Wars Auxiliary
American Legion Auxiliary
Woman's Relief Corps
American War Dads
Navy Mothers of America
Company "K" 1st Reg't, Iowa State Guard

Memorial Program

Commemorating Sacrifices of World War II Dead from
Montgomery County, Iowa

First Methodist Church, Red Oak, Iowa

Sunday, June 17, 1945

3:00 P. M.

Prelude — Processional ..... Mrs. Ray Cozad

Invocation ..... Rev. Chas. A. Speagh

Music — "Were You There" ..... Janet Michel, Anita Shay, Keith Langdon, Douglas Johnson

Scripture Reading — Address ..... Dr. Guy J. Fansher

Hymnal — "Abide With Me" ..... Audience

The Honored Dead ..... Ivan Ellwood

Commemoration ..... Clifford Powell

Music — "To Thee We Sing" ..... Janet Michel, Anita Shay, Keith Langdon, Douglas Johnson

Recessional — Postlude ..... Mrs. Ray Cozad

Flowers ..... Veterans Foreign Wars Auxiliary, American Legion Auxiliary

Ushers ..... F. E. West, Arthur Floren, W. R. Kerrihard, Gustav Dahl, Oscar Shepard, F. W. Albers

List of Honored Dead From Montgomery County, Iowa In World War II

Read by Major Ivan Ellwood

S 1/c Charles Booton.
Lt. E. Dean Anderson.
F 1/c Delmar Baker.
EM 3/c Kenneth Wenstrand.
S 1/c Orville Briggs.
Sgt. Wesley Miller.
Pvt. Hugh Kennedy.
Cpl. Glen V. Westenburg.
Cpl. Dale McCormick.
Pvt. Herschal Lawson.
Sgt. Clarence Storm, Jr.
T/4 Chester O. Thorne.
Sgt. Robert E. Kasal.
Cpl. Lester O. Bull.
Pvt. George D. Vanderhoof
Pfc. Dean Halbert.
Lt. Robert J. Nelson.
Pvt. Lysle L. Dirrim.
Pvt. Wayne R. Shrimpton.
S/Sgt. Roy A. Wright.
Pvt. Russell J. Johnson.
Pfc. Clair Q. Doggett.
Lt. Donald Hale.
Pfc. Howard Koenemann.
Pfc. Frederick Vincent Roach.
Pfc. Lawrence G. Pearce.
Lt. Clark Sundberg.
Pfc. Frank A. Johnson.
Seaman 1/c Lelean Carl Swift
Pfc. Earl H. Martens.
Pvt. Harlan Delaney.
Pfc. Melvin Orstad.
Pvt. Darl Tinkham.
1st Lt. Robert A. Hayes.
Sgt. DeVere Knight.
Sgt. Robert C. Doil.
Lt. Robert Wenstrand.
Pfc. Harry Dodson.
Pvt. Donald Reifschneider.
Pfc. Donald Shrimpton.
Lt. Edward Hatch.
Pvt. Harold Simpson.
Pfc. Robert A. Carlson.
Sgt. Richard Stout.
Lt. John Fuller.
Sgt. George K. Comley.
S. Sgt. William Braden.
AM 1/c Thomas Jentoft.
T/5 Darwin Larson.
Pvt. Clyde Braden.
Lt. Grant N. Braden.
Pvt. Duane L. Woods.
Lt. Finley J. Dutton.
Pvt. Robert Bryson.
T/4 Arthur T. Frazier.
Pfc. George Arthur Lowman.
S/Sgt. Reuben Dumler.

Memorial Address

Delivered by Major Clifford Powell

Supreme dangers produce supreme faith. In the thunder and the flame of battle, the souls of men cry out:

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

"I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy Victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and Earth's vain shadows flee,
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me."

Sustained and comforted by these majestic sentiments, young American manhood has marched into the valley of the shadow of death, and many of our brightest, bravest and most loyal came not back.

Near the spot where the mighty St. Lawrence sweeps into the ocean, at the little fishing village of Gaspe, certain words have been carved on granite:

"These laid the world away
Poured out the red, sweet wine of youth
Gave up the years to be of work and joy,
And that unhoped serenity that men call age."

O'er all the civilized world, in every hamlet and city the same may be said as for "The Men of Gaspe." The giant scythe of war has cut an awful swath, and you have just listened to the long and honored roll from this County. Similar tragic lists could be read from every County in our State, and in every State in this broad land. And, raising our visions, we might see the vast scroll from other lands.

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo,
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
And glory guards, with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

And while our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to all those who have suffered and died in the great cause, it is particularly fitting that we as a County meet and pay a tribute to our own men. It is not only fitting, it is a necessity. We cannot return these stalwart sons—but we can rekindle our devotion —we can measure the cost—and we can strengthen the courage, and ease the pain. And in honoring our own sons we can pledge anew our adherence to those ideals which have brought us thus far, and which we must carry on to the end. We must do this. We dare not falter, and we must keep faith. Their memories, their acts of unselfish devotion, and their sacrifices constitute a treasure which this County must cherish and preserve as a part of its heritage. And so we gather in this sanctuary to honor them, to extend a hand of sympathy to their loved ones, and to recall again of the ideals for which they paid so dearly.

While mankind wars, it must be necessary that the young men and women speed the call. Theirs is the vigor and strength, the daring and courage that is needed. And having gone to the outposts of danger, it follows, as Thos. Moore has said:

"Tis ever thus, Tis ever thus
With all that's best below,
The dearest, noblest, loveliest
Are always first to go.

"The bird that sings the sweetest,
The pine that crowns the rock
The glory of the garden,
The flower of the flock."

So my friends, it is a sacred duty, a privilege, and an obligation that we meet at stated times through the years to come, to pay honor and tribute to the men who have represented us. We must keep their memory fresh. We must recall their virtues, and sanctify their sacrifices. Nor must we limit it to those alone who died. There are the missing, whose fate is yet unknown. There are those who wasted months in the vile

prison camps. And there are scores of the wounded—many of them yet suffering on beds of pain. All must be remembered on these occasions. Then, too, those who are still carrying on for us in the front line of danger all over the world must be in our thoughts. These are our sons and neighbors. They left us as average American boys—full of fun and horse play. But they will come back matured men. Men who know the cost of creating and maintaining government. More than any other class, they will know the toll of war. And when that joyful day comes, when they do come back, let us give them their proper place in our councils. Let us listen to them with honest candor, and let us take them fully and completely into our community progress.

These boys, more than any others ever to wear our country's uniform, have received better counsel, better training, and better equipment. They have been better officered and better informed than any army that has borne our arms. It naturally follows they will come home better prepared to take their ranks in that great peace-time army, which is engaged in making a better America. And that is the real purpose of this fight. It is a struggle to preserve liberty for all—the spirit of liberty which is the dream of all mankind. It was recently stated in a beautiful manner by a great jurist, Judge Learned Hand, in these words:

> "What then, is the spirit of liberty? I can not define it; I can only tell you my own faith. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias; the spirit of liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unheeded; the spirit of liberty is the spirit of Him who, near two thousand years ago, taught mankind that lesson it has never learned, but has never quite forgotten: that there may be a kingdom where the least shall be heard and considered side by side with the greatest."

That is the glorious faith for which these boys died.

In simpler and less elegant language, they fought and died to keep alive in this world those old simple copy book maxims they learned of honor, decency, clean living and playing the game straight.

America is not merely a nation of great plains and forests, of millions of men and women, and of great wealth. America means more than all of these material things. America is and forever must mean, a mode of living. For a hundred and fifty years, America has meant a shining Ideal to the oppressed of the world. A place and a manner where all men are free, where opportunity can be found, where freedom reigns, and where the heads of state must bow to the will of the common man; a nation of the people, by the people, and for the people.

In a very recent poem by Russell W. Davenport he tries to express this thought in these words:

"America is not a land of ease.
We have not paused from action to beget
Heroic simile and song and frieze;
We have no empire of the mind as yet,
Nor have we shed our light within the grave:
But, as the sons of enterprise and sweat,
Honor the quick, the strong, the free, the brave—
The mind whose thoughts are cradled in the hand—
The fierce emancipators of the slave
Exacting destiny of virgin land.
We are the builders of dynamic things,
Successors to the spires of Samarkand—
Boilers and bars, propellers, wheels and wings
To run and fly and dive at our behest,
The dusty barnyard where the rooster roams,
America is not a land of rest.

* * *

"America lives in her simple homes:
The weathered door, the old wisteria vine,
Through which the mighty wind of freedom sings.
The common trees like elm and oak and pine:
In furniture for comfort, not for looks,
In names like Jack and Pete and Caroline,
In neighbors you can trust, and honest books,
And peace, and hope, and opportunity.
She lives like destiny in Mom, who cooks
On gleaming stoves her special fricassee,
And jams and cakes and endless apple pies.
She lives in Pop, the family referee,
Absorbing Sunday news with heavy eyes;
And in the dog, and in the shouting kids
Returning home from school, to memorize

The history of the ancient pyramids.
And still she lives in them when darkness wakes
The distant smells and infinite katydids,
And valleys seem like black and fearsome lakes
Guarded by windows of American light,
While in the wind the family maple rakes
The lucent stars westward across the night
And still, however far her sons may go,
To venture or to die beyond her sight,
These little windows shine incognito
Across incredulous humanity,
That all the people of the earth may know
The embattled destination of the free—
Not peace, not rest, not pleasure—but to dare
To face the axiom of democracy:
Freedom is not to limit, but to share,
And freedom here is freedom everywhere."

And it was this America for which these boys fought—America of the great and shining Ideal. It was the American spirit for which they ventured forth. They would not so tell you, for they are a modest lot. Nor can any man and woman present speak for them. But in this vast army are some who can speak for them, and one of those is Corporal Jack W. Zurofsky of the Army. Says he:

"I fight because it's my fight.

I fight because my ears can listen to both sides of a question; because they can hear the groanings of a tormented people as well as the laughter of free people; because they are a channel for information, not a route for repetition; because, if I hear and do not think, I am deaf.

I fight because my knees kneel only to God.

I fight because I have something to fight for.

I fight because it is an obligation, because free people must fight to remain free, because when the freedom of one nation or one person is taken away the rights of all nations and all people are threatened, because—through our elected representatives—I had the choice: To fight or not to fight.

I fight because 'it is better to die than live on one's knees.'

I fight because only by fighting today will there be peace tomorrow.

I fight in the fervent hope that those who follow me will not have to fight again, but in the knowledge that if they have to, they will not be found wanting in the crisis.

I fight to remain free."

Why is it then, that with our finest inheritance pouring out its all for us, and for these splendid ideals; and with the vast majority of our citizenry doing all in its power to carry on, that we must put up with the whimperings and childish criticism of our war effort by the few. We should, I think, look with contempt and disdain on those who continually carp and find fault. What matters the inconvenience of rationing of gas and meat, of shoes and tires? What matters the few dollars called for in additional taxes? What matters the inconvenience of restricted travel? And in a task so big, where is the man who can do a perfect job? We too, are called upon to serve. Our boys demand, and rightly so, that until this awful task is completely finished that we abstain from playing penny, partisan peanut politics; that we give unstintingly, that we rally round every cause that will speed the day of victory, and that we show by honest contempt our disapproval of those who fail to keep the faith. The most we can do is as nothing in comparison to that of the men at the front.

These boys who passed on, are our judges. We dare not break faith with those who die. Laurence Binyon has stated their case in the beautiful poem of

"The Dead to the Living."

"O you that still have rain and sun,
Kisses of children and a wife,
And the good earth to tread upon,
And the mere sweetness that is life.
Forget not us, who gave all these
For something dearer, and for you.
Think in what cause we crossed the seas!
Remember, he who fails the Challenge
Fails us, too.

"Now in the hour that shows the strong—
The soul no evil powers affray—
Drive straight against embattled wrong!
Faith knows but one, the hardest way.
Endure; the end is worth the throe,
Give, give, and dare; and again dare!
On, to that Wrong's great overthrow.
We are with you, of you, we the pain
And victory share."

To the parents and loved ones of these brave boys of Montgomery County, it is unnecessary to tell you what America means, and what its price has been. Now, as never before, you realize what this nation has cost—in blood and sorrow and treasure. You know, too, that the preservation of liberty must be constant vigilance. Would to God that all the people of this fair land appreciated its worth. Only last week one of my comrades remarked, "If every person in the land had to spend one week in the front line, we wouldn't have any more wars." I think you would agree.

And while we recall the heroism and sacrifice—and while we examine our hearts as to the task ahead, we too stand beside our bereaved neighbors in their great loss. Your grief is great—but your pride is likewise great. Hold high your heart—for you have given deeply and done your part. You know your contribution has been for God and your fellow men. And you can feel as one mother wrote of her lost Pilot son,

"When I hear the wings up in the sky
I'll know my Pilot's flying high
To find the beam, that follows through,
And leads, Dear God, direct to you."

We thank the Divine Leader that we do have faith, that the sacrifices and the losses lead on to a better life, that no man dies to himself alone. All of us hold out our hands to the fathers, the mothers, and the loved ones of these gallant fifty-seven. We join with you in the solemn pride you must have. They were our boys as well as yours, and the whole community insists on claiming their acts of gallantry.

We all declare that:

"The star upon their service flag
Has changed to gleaming gold.
It speaks no more of hope and life,
As once it did of old.
But splendidly it glistens now
For every eye to see
And softly whispers, Here lived One
Who died for liberty."

Let us then, forever, cherish the memories of these brave sons. Let us carry on the Fight; let us keep the Faith. It is for us who

linger here to do the work at hand—be it the humble daily task—or great acts of state. And in so doing, we are best honoring those who have kept that great rendezvous.

And as we leave this memorial, may we carry with us this prayer:

"Land of our hearts,
Upon whose bounteous breast
Earth's weary sons
From many lands find rest.
Bind us in love,
That we may truly be
One Blood, One Nation
Everlastingly."

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